No. 316 EVERY MONDAY 9th APRIL, 1988
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30p

EAGLE and BATTLE

HAS STORM FORCE HAD ITS CHIPS AGAINST THE FISH MEN?

9 AMAZING STORIES EVERY WEEK!

'DARE' BIG GAME FREEBIES TO BE WON THIS WEEK!

DOOMLORD

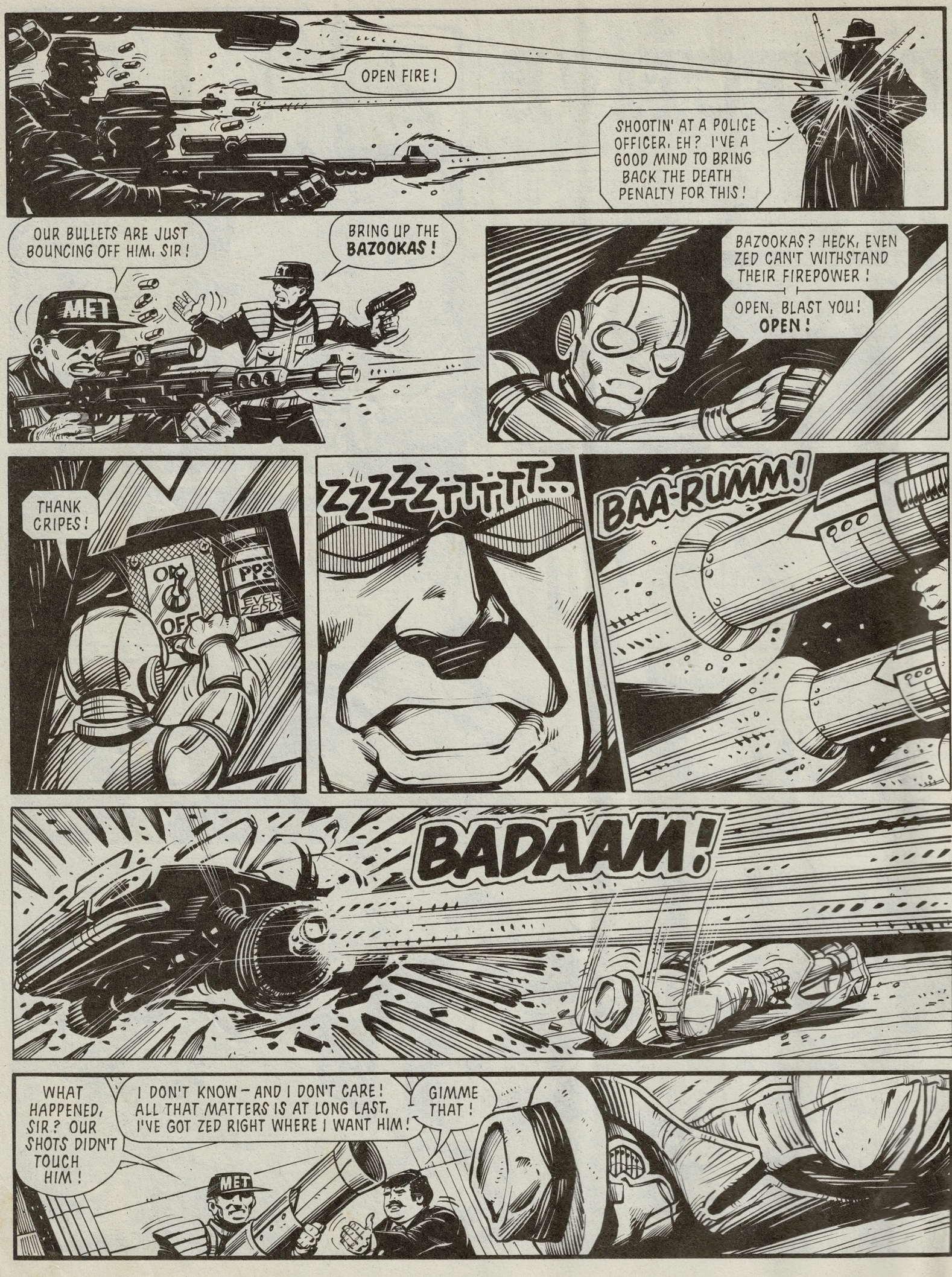
THE ALIEN DOOMLORD, MANKIND'S PROTECTOR, HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE TERRORIST ORGANISATION S.M.O.G. AND HELD PRISONER IN THEIR SECRET BASE, HIDDEN DEEP BENEATH THE SEA IN THE RUINS OF THE FABLED CITY OF ATLANTIS.
EAGLE
AUTHOR A.GRANT
ARTIST E.BRADBURY
SO! DOOMLORD DID NOT ESCAPE! HE IS STILL IN HIS CELL—IN THE GUISE OF A FLY!
BUT MAINTENANCE MEN ARE ON THEIR WAY NOW, LEADER!
ATTENTION, MAINTENANCE! DO NOT OPEN THE SECURITY CELL! THE ALIEN HAS DUPED US—HE IS STILL INSIDE!
SECU
DO
O
BZZZZZZZZ!
BUT THE DOOR WAS OPENED LONG ENOUGH FOR A TINY INSECT TO ESCAPE—
KLUNG!
THANK THE STARS! I CAN HOLD THIS WARP NO LONGER!
D-DOOMLORD!
FOOL! EVEN IN MY WEAKENED STATE YOUR BULLETS CANNOT HARM ME!

UNNNGH!
I CAN LEARN ALL THAT I NEED FROM THIS ONE—
ABSORBING!
THE TERRORIST'S KNOWLEDGE WAS SUCKED DIRECTLY INTO THE ALIEN'S BRAIN—
LEAVING HIM DRAINED AND LIFELESS!
SO! I AM IN ATLANTIS—THE LOST CITY OF LEGEND! FROM THIS NERVE-CENTRE S.M.O.G. PLOT THEIR EVIL CONQUEST OF THE WORLD!
THEIR SCIENTISTS HAVE MY ENERGISER RING—AND EVEN NOW EXPERIMENT WITH IT! I CANNOT ALLOW IT TO REMAIN IN THEIR HANDS!
SECURITY ALERT! DOOMLORD IS LOOSE! HE IS NOW MOVING UP-BASE ALONG PASSAGE Q!
FOR S.M.O.G.!
DESTROY THE ALIEN!

I WILL WASTE NO TIME WITH THESE UNDERLINGS! MY RING IS OF PRIME IMPORTANCE—
KERRAASH!
AND THE ROUTE TO MY ENERGISER IS UPWARDS!
S.M.O.G. GUARDS ON THE NEXT LEVEL OF THE BASE WERE STARTLED AS THE ALIEN CONTINUED HIS ASCENT—
KRRAK!
UNTIL—
LABORATORIES
THE S.M.O.G. LABORATORIES...
HE IS AFTER HIS ENERGISER!
IF HE SUCCEEDS, ALL OUR HOPES AND CAREFULLY LAID PLANS WILL COME TO NAUGHT!
DOOMLORD MUST BE RECAPTURED!
NEXT WEEK— DOOMLORD AT FULL STRETCH!

DETECTIVE ZED

PEEWEE HERE – THAT'S ME, THE BULGE UNDER ZED'S COAT. HIS **LOGIC CIRCUITS** ARE SCRAMBLED AND HE'S GONE **HAYWIRE** – AND THE ONLY WAY FOR ME TO STOP HIM IS VIA THE ACCESS HATCH IN HIS BACK –
EAGLE
AUTHOR A.O'KEY ARTIST R.SMITH
HECK! IT'S STUCK FAST!
HELLO HELLO HELLO! WHAT'S ALL THIS, THEN?
CARRYING FIREARMS IN A PUBLIC PLACE, EH? A VERY SERIOUS OFFENCE! YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE STATION!
Smith
YOU MANIAC, ZED! IT'S ME – **BURTAGE**, YOUR CHIEF INSPECTOR!
NOW MAKE THIS EASY ON ALL OF US! GIVE YOURSELF UP!
GIVE UP? ZED OF THE YARD? THE ONLY THING I'M GIVIN' YOU, BURTAGE, IS THE OLD **FINGERS**!
HE'S GOT THE CHIEF!
MET


OPEN FIRE!
SHOOTIN' AT A POLICE OFFICER, EH? I'VE A GOOD MIND TO BRING BACK THE DEATH PENALTY FOR THIS!
OUR BULLETS ARE JUST BOUNCING OFF HIM, SIR!
BRING UP THE BAZOOKAS!
MET
BAZOOKAS? HECK, EVEN ZED CAN'T WITHSTAND THEIR FIREPOWER!
OPEN, BLAST YOU! OPEN!
THANK CRIPES!
ON
OFF
PPS
ZZZZZTTTTT...
BAA-RUMM!
BADAAM!
WHAT HAPPENED, SIR? OUR SHOTS DIDN'T TOUCH HIM!
I DON'T KNOW – AND I DON'T CARE! ALL THAT MATTERS IS AT LONG LAST, I'VE GOT ZED RIGHT WHERE I WANT HIM!
GIMME THAT!
MET

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS, YOU METAL MANIAC! YOU'VE MOCKED ME – HUMILIATED ME – MADE ME THE LAUGHING STOCK OF SCOTLAND YARD!
WELL, NO MORE! I'M GOING TO BLAST YOU BACK INTO A HEAP OF JUNK!
STOP! I'VE DEACTIVATED HIM! DON'T SHOOT!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MIDGET! YOU'RE GOING UP WITH HIM!
LIKE, COOL IT, BURTAGE!
BONKK!
K-KING GIZMO! BUT – WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SIRE?
CAUGHT THE NEWS ON MY SQUAWK-BOX. COULDN'T LEAVE MY MAIN MAN IN TROUBLE NOW, COULD I? LIKE, I MEAN, HE IS BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT AN' ALL THAT JAZZ!
DON'T YOU WORRY, ZEDDY BABY – I BRUNG YOUR OLD GURU ALONG TO HELP. WHATCHA THINK, DOC? CAN YOU SAVE HIM?
HMMM. VE VILL SEE!
FIRST, I REMOVE ZE CIRCUITS FUSED BY ZE DISRUPTOR...
ACH! SUCH A MESS!
UND NOW – ZE INSERTION OF ZE NEW, IMPROVED LOGIC BOARD.
WILL IT WORK, DOC? WILL ZED BE OKAY AGAIN?
VE CAN ONLY KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED, PEEWEE!
NEXT WEEK: ZED END?

ADVERTISEMENT

"Attention all Space Cadets!.... Blast off to your local sweet shop and pick up a cargo of delicious extra value Wham bars! Still only 10p!!"

THREE MEMBERS OF GHOST SQUAD HAD GONE TO AUSTRALIA, WHERE THEY WERE TRYING TO SAVE A BOY WHO HAD BEEN KNOCKED OUT OF A SPEEDING TRAIN INSIDE A SAFARI PARK. THEN A HERD OF RHINOS THREATENED THE BOY—
RUN FOR IT, BOY!
WE TO STOP THEM TRY!
YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP YOUR HEAD, IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS!
EAGLE
AUTHOR D. HORTON
ARTIST VANYO
GHOST SQUAD
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE?
SURE IT IS. WE'RE NOT SOLID... THEY'LL GO STRAIGHT THROUGH US, IF WE DON'T SCARE THEM OFF!
THE RHINOS WEREN'T PUT OFF BY THE GHOSTLY FIGURES! THEY CHARGED RIGHT THROUGH THE HEADLESS GHOST AND THE MOANING GHOST—
EEEEEEEK!
OEEEEEER! IT... IT TICKLES!
BUT BOUNCING GHOST HAD FORGOTTEN THAT A FEW MINUTES EARLIER HE HAD MADE HIMSELF SOLID!

FORTUNATELY, THE GHOST HAD ARRANGED, A LITTLE TIME BEFORE, TO HAVE AN EMPTY HOT-AIR BALLOON SUMMONED TO THEIR RESCUE. AND NOW-
SAVED!
BUT THE BOY WAS STILL IN DANGER!
H-E-E-E-L-P!
BUT JUST OVERHEAD-
DOWN BELOW... CATCH!
NE-ARRGH!
G-GHOST OR NOT... YOU SAVED ME AGAIN!
GHOST SQUAD BUSINESS, PEOPLE TO SAVE!
NOW WE GET OTHERS...
OOOOAAAAAH! ALL THIS DUST!
MOANING STOP, MOANING GHOST!

NOW AWAY FROM HERE WE GO. SAFARI PARK NOT SAFE PLACE TO BE!
I'LL ADJUST THE BURNERS...
EXPLANATIONS TIME FOR! HOW COME BOY KNOCKED FROM TRAIN? WHY THIS HAPPEN?
IT...IT'S A LONG STORY...
THE BRAVE BODY DIDN'T HESITATE. IT JUMPED AFTER ITS HEAD!
TH-THIS IS CRAZY... I'M TALKING TO GHOSTS!
MY NAME'S JIMMY WALTERS. MY GRANDFATHER'S JUST DIED. HE...HE LEFT ME A FORTUNE IN HIS WILL... BUT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, THE MONEY GOES TO MY UNCLE...
THEY ALL TRIED TO KEEP THE BALLOON IN ONE PIECE—
HEY!
BODY, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HANG ON TO ME! UUUUUURGH!
...IT WAS MY UNCLE WHO KNOCKED ME OFF THE TRAIN. HE FIGURED IN THE MIDDLE OF A SAFARI PARK, I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE OF SURVIVING!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU THREE, I WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED. NOW...
NO MORE STORY! OOOOOOEEEEEER! BIG TEAR APPEAR IN BALLOON FABRIC!
NEXT WEEK: ABANDON BASKET!

CHARLEY'S WAR

FEBRUARY, 1917. AN ARMADA OF GERMAN ZEPPELINS HAD SET OUT ON A BOMBING RAID TO BRITAIN. AS THEY REACHED THE BELGIAN COAST, THEY WERE INTERCEPTED BY FRENCH FIGHTER-PLANES. BUT THE FRENCH FIGHTERS WEREN'T USING INCENDIARY BULLETS, SO THEY HAD LITTLE EFFECT ON THE AIRSHIPS . . .
. . . BUT THE ZEPPELIN GUNNERS WERE NOT SO LUCKY!
AAAGGGH!
THE ZEPPELINS CLIMBED STEADILY OUT OF DANGER AND THE MACHINE-GUNS IN THE GONDOLAS WERE BROUGHT TO BEAR.
ARRRGH!
EAGLE
AUTHOR P. MILLS
ARTIST J. COLQUHOUN
INSIDE...
HURRAY! WE'VE HIT THE SCHWEIN!
THERE WILL BE TIME LATER FOR CELEBRATION, GENTLEMEN! LET US BEGIN THE NORTH SEA CROSSING... WE WILL REACH LONDON BY MIDNIGHT!
THE SPEAKER WAS ZEPPELIN COMMANDER, HEINRICH VON BERGMANN, KNOWN AS THE "ICEBERG".
IN LONDON'S EAST END, THEY WERE STILL RECOVERING FROM THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT SILVERTOWN, WHICH HAD LEFT MORE THAN A THOUSAND PEOPLE HOMELESS.
GIVE GENEROUSLY!
SILVERTOWN RELIEF FUND
CHARLEY... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE ME PUT IN ALL MY MONEY?
EVERY LAST NOTE, OILEY! IT'LL MAKE UP FOR THAT STUFF YOU PINCHED FROM THE DEAD!

CHARLEY HAD CAUGHT HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW LOOTING, AND THIS WAS HIS WAY OF MAKING OILEY REPAY.
MY HAND... IT'S PARALYSED! IT CAN'T REACH THE TIN!
COME ALONG, OLIVER! LET ME HELP YOU!
OWWW! THIS IS FOR... THE ORPHANS - BLESS THEIR LITTLE HEARTS!
HOW KIND! YOU'LL GET YOUR REWARD IN THE NEXT WORLD, SIR!
CHARLEY WANDERED DOWN TO THE DOCKS.
OILEY WOULD HAVE GOT HIS REWARD IN THIS WORLD IF HE HADN'T COUGHED UP!
DANGER
THERE'S OLD BLIND BOB! WHAT'S HE DOING ALL TOGGED UP IN HIS ANCIENT GRENADIER UNIFORM?
BLIND BOB WAS A CRIMEAN WAR VETERAN.
THE DAFT OLD CHUMP IS JUMPING IN!
REMEMBER SEVASTOPOL!
JUST A MOMENT!
HANG ON, BOB!
I DON'T WANT TO HANG ON! I WANT TO DIE! I'VE GOT NO REASON FOR LIVING!
DON'T TALK SO DAFT! YOU'VE GOT YOUR MATES AND YOUR BEER!
NAH! I WAS BEHIND WITH THE RENT AND GOT KICKED OUT OF MY LODGINGS! THEY WERE GOING TO BUNG ME IN THE WORKHOUSE!

WELL, YOU DIDN'T OUGHT TO JUMP IN THE DOCKS! THE WATER'S FILTHY! AND IT'S FREEZING!
I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO SAVE ME! I CAN TOP MYSELF IF I WANT TO! IT'S A FREE COUNTRY!
YOU'RE AN UNGRATEFUL OLD BEGGAR! HERE, YOU LOT! DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAWPING! BRING THE OLD BOY A BLANKET!
BUT WHERE AM I GOING TO STAY, CHARLEY? I'M NOT GOING IN ANY WORKHOUSE!
CHARLEY TOOK BOB HOME.
BOB'LL JUST BE STAYING FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, MA! UNTIL HE CAN FIND NEW LODGINGS!
I'LL PAY MY WAY, MISSUS! I DON'T WANT ANY CHARITY!
I WON'T TAKE A PENNY! NOW HAVE SOME OF MY 'WIN THE WAR' PUDDING!
ARE YOU SURE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT IN THE WORKHOUSE, BOB? IT'S PROBABLY VERY NICE REALLY!
THAT NIGHT...
Home Sweet Home
THIS IS COSY, BOYS... ISN'T IT?
YEAH! AS SNUG AS BUGS IN A RUG!
OUUFF!
CHARLEY AND WILF WENT TO SLEEP. THEN, SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT...
WAKE UP, BOYS! THE ZEPPELINS ARE COMING! THE ZEPPELINS ARE COMING!
UUUH? I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING!
BLIND BOB CAN HEAR THEM! HE KNOWS!
GO BACK TO SLEEP, YOU SILLY OLD SAUSAGE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU FOR ONE DAY!
YEAH, BELT UP! WE'RE TRYING TO GET SOME KIP!
BUT... BUT THE ZEPPELINS ARE COMING!
NEXT WEEK:
"RELEASE BOMBS!"

THE MAX HOTLINE

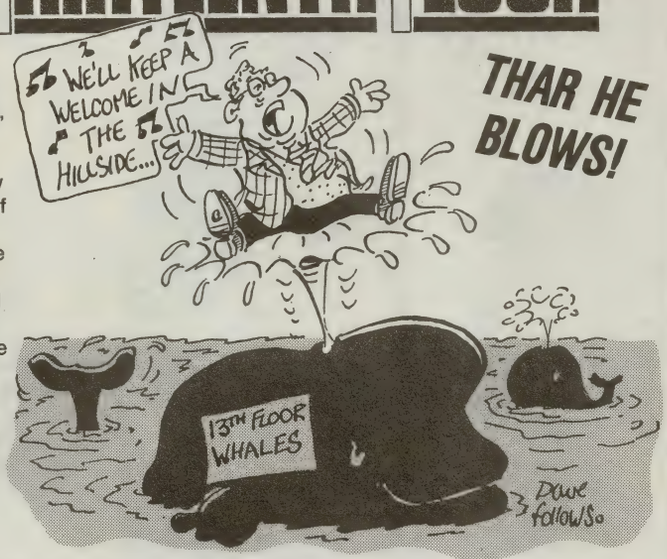
EAGLE/BATTLE, Fleetway Publications,
Irwin House, 118 Southwark Street,
London SE1 OSW.

++Due to increased production costs, I have had to increase the price of Eagle/Battle from 28p to 30p, starting with this issue. But even so, Eagle/Battle is still the best boys' paper on the market. Just look at what you get for your money! NINE action-packed stories each week PLUS cash prizes for your contributions to my Hotline page. AND lots of free gifts to come in future issues – exciting details in No. 317. This week, there are TEN terrific DARE board games on offer. Now that's what I call MAX-imum value for your money!++

MAX

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

++My Thirteenth Floor lives on! Yes, it still exists as a terror to wrong-doers and to show people the error of their ways! So write in and let me know who you would like to send there, after which they might emerge a better person. Each letter I print here will earn the lucky reader a £3 prize++



THAR HE BLOWS!

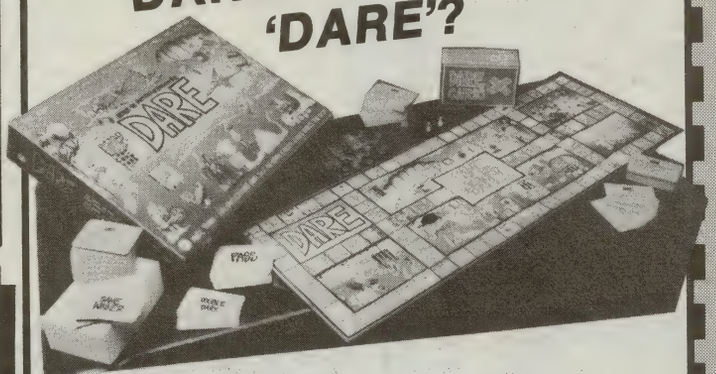
I would like you to send Harry Secombe to your Thirteenth Floor, Max. He is so boring as a person and he always seems to sing about his homeland, Wales. Can you do something, Max?

Stuart Rowe, Billingshurst.

++As you see, Stuart, I've tried to dampen down Harry's enthusiasm, a little bit at least!++

10 TERRIFIC FREEBIE BOARD GAMES UP FOR GRABS!

DARE YOU PLAY 'DARE'?



++DARE, the exciting new board game from Crown & Andrews, is crazy, riotous fun from start to finish! You collect 'truth chips' as you move around the board by throwing the dice and answering questions – either 'true' or 'false'. If the answer is correct, you win a 'truth chip', if not, you have to perform a 'dare!' There are over 1,000 questions and just as many crazy 'dares' to perform! I have TEN of these super board games on offer to Eagle/Battle readers. All you have to do to win one is answer the following question. When the Incredible Hulk got angry, what colour did he turn . . . A. Blue. B. Black. C. Green? Write your answer on a postcard (or use the back of a sealed-down, empty envelope) and send to DARE at the address shown. Make sure you include your name and address on your entry. The first TEN correct entries drawn from my postbag on Friday, 15th April, will receive one of these great board games. I 'double dare' you not to be delighted with DARE!++

MAKE MAX LAUGH!

£1 will be paid to every reader who has their funny 'One-Liner' published!

How do you get 5 Red Indians into a mini?
2 in the front, 2 in the back and 1 in the ash-tray!
Nicholas, Belfast.

Did you hear about the tramp who hadn't had a bite in days?
Dracula took pity on him and bit him!
Christopher, Whitchurch.

Why did you run away after you'd kicked your ball through the window?
'Cos I couldn't bear to see it go through all that pane!
Stuart, Solihull.

Why do squirrels always eat nuts?
Because bolts give them indigestion!
David, Bristol.

Send in your entries to: MAKE MAX LAUGH at the address shown.

HOME RUN

£3 if your software game review appears here!

TALLADEGA

(Top Ten). £1.99. For the Commodore 64. Reviewed by *Peter Dunn*, Walker.

"Fasten your seatbelts, put on your helmets and ram your foot to the floor as you battle it out in the Nascar super stock car race! It's you versus nineteen others, including the king of stock car racing, Richard Petty. If you like, you can act real mean and charge everyone off the track. TALLADEGA is tops with superb sound and brilliant graphics. At only £1.99, you can't buy better!"

MASTERCHESS

(Mastertronic). £1.99. For the Commodore 64/128. Reviewed by *Nicholas Corkey*, Belfast.

"All chess fans alert! MASTERCHESS is here! This is the computer edition of the well-known board game. It allows you to rearrange the current state of play (cheat mode!) to replay, to save the latest match for another time, and to set a time allowed for you or your opponent to move his/hers or the computer's piece. A good value program, available from most decent computer stockists."

EXCITING FREE GIFT NEWS FOR READERS IN EAGLE/BATTLE NO. 317!

Don't dare miss this issue!

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THE 17·50 SHUTTLE FROM SPACE COLONY NEW LEEDS SHOULD HAVE SKIMMED THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE LIKE A FLAT STONE ON WATER. INSTEAD, THE CRAFT WAS DIVING EARTHWARDS LIKE A METEOR AT OVER 1,000 MPH... WITH DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES FOR ITS HEAT SHIELD...
AYIEEEE!
THE COLOSSAL FRICTION WILL BURN US ALIVE!
ONLY DAN DARE CAN SAVE US!
DAN HAD BEEN FORCED TO OVERPOWER ONE OF HIS OWN STAR COMMANDOS, TREMLOC – WHO HAD GONE BERSERK ABOARD THE SHUTTLE –
TREMLOC'S FED SO MUCH TRASH INTO THE MASTER COMPUTER, IT'S USELESS! WE'LL HAVE TO DO THIS MANUALLY!
TEMPERATURE STILL RISING, MARSHAL! THE SHIELD CAN'T TAKE IT!
LOOK OUT! TREMLOC'S RECOVERED!
DAN DARE
EAGLE
AUTHOR T. TULLY
ARTIST J. GILLATT
MAIN DRIVE BURN-OUT... THREE SECONDS!
THAT'LL PUT US INTO GLIDE MODE! IF THE WINGS HOLD OUT, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!
SOON...
THE TEMPE I THI FAL

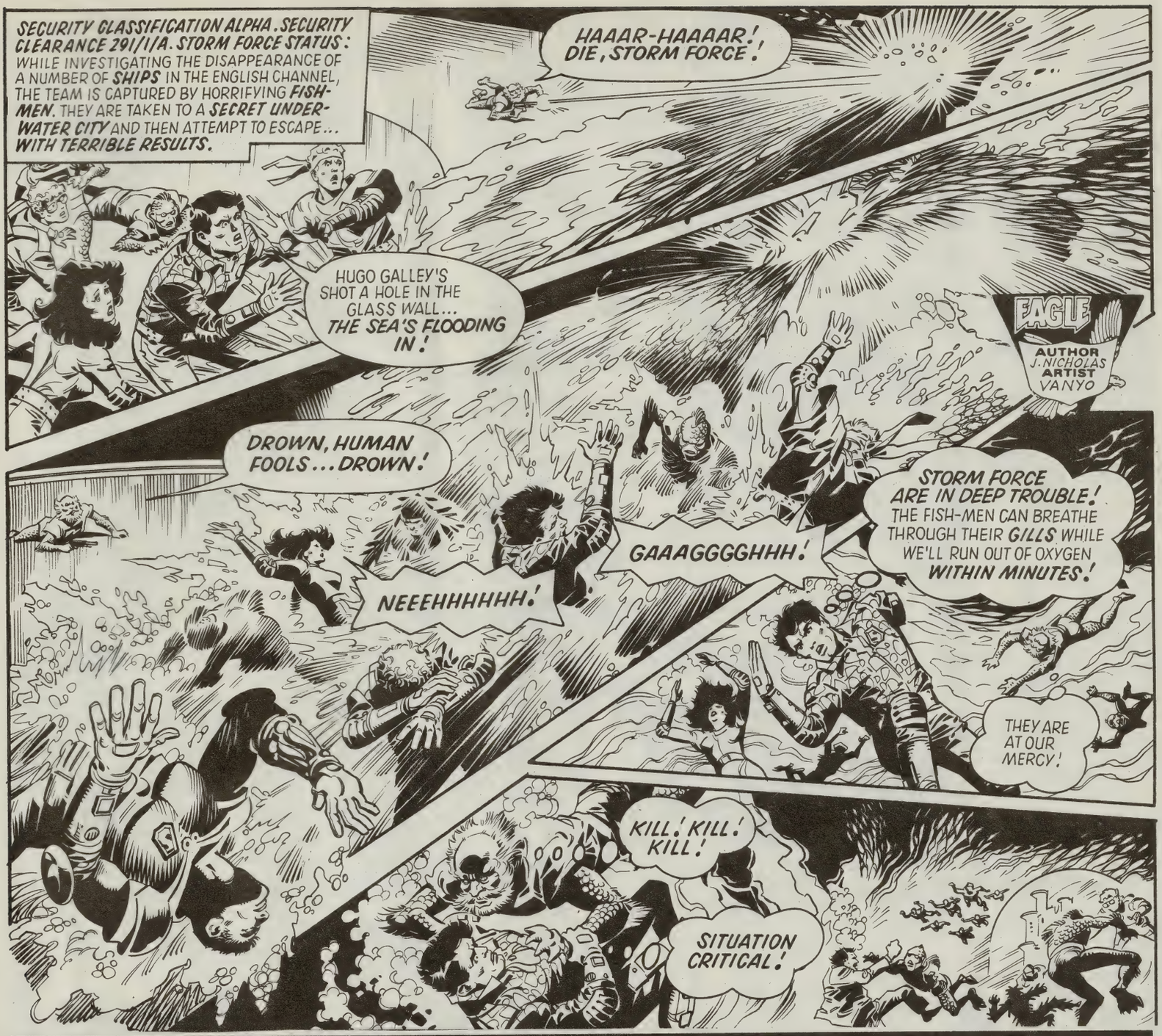
I'M GOING TO IGNITE MAIN DRIVE! MAYBE THE SUDDEN THRUST WILL CHANGE THE ANGLE OF DESCENT!
I'VE GIVEN HIM A PALLADIAN NECK-SQUEEZE, MARSHAL! HE'LL BE OUT FOR SEVERAL HOURS!
THE...VOICE CANNOT BE DENIED! MUST... DESTROY... DAAARE!
AAAHHH!
NO 'MUST' ABOUT IT, MUTANT!
THANKS, STELTH! HOW ARE WE DOING, ENGINEER?
GYROSTABILISER RESPONDING!
CABIN RATURE! IK IT'S LING!
ND WE'RE SLOWING DOWN!
DARE'S DONE IT! HE'S BROUGHT THE SHUTTLE UNDER CONTROL!
WE'RE GOING TO LIVE! GOOD OLD DAN!
THE DRAKKEN, SPECIMEN OF AN ALIEN RACE WHICH HAD RECENTLY INVADED NEW LEEDS, LISTENED TO THE WILD CHEERS OF RELIEF—
CONTINUED LATER IN ISSUE...

JOHNNY RED

JOHNNY RED WAS LEADING A MASS ATTACK ON THE 'LUTZMARCK', A GERMAN BATTLESHIP WHICH HAD BEEN SHELLING THE FALCONS' BASE FROM A FIORD IN GERMAN–OCCUPIED NORWAY. AS JOHNNY AND THE FALCONS BATTLED WITH A SQUADRON OF MESSER-SCHMITTS, A BAND OF RUSSIAN BOMBERS AND FIGHTER-BOMBERS FLEW ON TO THE TARGET. . .AND INTO DISASTER!
AIIEEGGGHH!
CLIMB, FOR MERCY'S SAKE! WHY DIDN'T JOHNNY TELL US THAT THE BATTLESHIP WAS PROTECTED BY SMOKE POTS?
EAGLE
AUTHOR T. TULLY
ARTIST J. COOPER
THE IVANS CIRCLE LIKE BEWILDERED PIGEONS! WE CAN SEE THEM, BUT THEY CAN'T SEE US!
IF THEY'VE ANY SENSE, THEY'LL PLAY IT SAFE, AND GO HOME!
BUT THE CREWS OF THE SHTURMOVIKS WERE ALREADY CALLING TO THE COMMANDER OF THE TUPOLEV BOMBERS. . .
MAJOR BELETSKI, YOU ARE OUR LEADER NOW! TELL US WHAT WE MUST DO!
I CANNOT ORDER ANY MAN DOWN INTO THAT SMOKE AGAIN. . .INTO THAT DEATH TRAP! THE FINAL DECISION MUST REST WITH YOU!
JOHN COOPER
ATTACK!
ATTACK!
ZA RODINU! FOR THE MOTHERLAND!
SO BE IT!
BUT AS THE RUSSIAN PLANES SWOOPED OVER THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE 'LUTZMARCK'. . .
BARBARIAN MADMEN! THEY'RE FLYING STRAIGHT INTO THE MOUTHS OF OUR GUNS!
GERMAN FLAK-BATTERIES, PREVIOUSLY HIDDEN BENEATH WINTER CAMOUFLAGE NETTING, SPRANG INTO VIEW. . .
AAAAAAHHHH!
. . .AND OPENED FIRE AT ALMOST POINT-BLANK RANGE!

THE EXPLOSION DAMAGED OTHER AIRCRAFT – SPREADING A TERRIBLE CARNAGE AROUND THE 'LUTZMARCK'.
EEEEEEEGH!
DIE, YOU SUB-HUMAN SCUM!
AND AT THAT MOMENT...
MY CRIPES, LOOK AT THAT SMOKE! WE'RE TOO LATE, MY CHICKENS! THE BOMBER-BOYS HAVE BLOWN THE 'LUTZMARCK' OUT OF THE WATER!
JOHNNY SWITCHED ON HIS RADIO-TELEPHONE.
HEY, LAMB! WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID ABOUT ALLOWING THE BOMBERS TO FLY ON WITHOUT ESCORT? IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE HURT THEM!
YOU'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK, REDBURN!
LAMB, A BRITISH PILOT WHO HAD RECENTLY JOINED THE FALCONS, HAD NO RESPECT FOR JOHNNY'S LEADERSHIP.
THAT SMOKE ISN'T COMING FROM THE 'LUTZMARCK'!
MY GOSH!
YAKOB! LET'S TRY AND SALVAGE THIS BLASTED MESS! TAKE HALF THE FALCONS AND DEAL WITH THE SMOKE-BOATS!

THE REST OF US GO FOR THE FLAK-GUNS!
TEUFEL! THE HURRICANE!
THE RED DEVIL!
SCATTER!
AWWW - UUULLLGH!
YOU FOOL, REDBURN! YOU SHOULD HAVE REALISED! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY WERE SMOKE-BOATS!
AN OFFICER ABOARD THE 'LUTZMARCK' WATCHED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SMOKE-BOATS WITH CALM, MOCKING EYES.
GO AHEAD, IVAN . . . WASTE YOUR BULLETS AND ROCKETS! WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER FLOTILLA SURROUNDING THE 'LUTZMARCK' WITHIN HOURS!
AS THE SMOKE BEGAN TO CLEAR . . .
LOOK AT JOHNNY! HE TURNS HIS GUNS ON THE 'LUTZMARCK'!
IT . . . IT IS FUTILE! NOT EVEN THE RED DEVIL CAN MAKE UP FOR THIS TRAGEDY!
A SEETHING, CHOKING VOICE RASPED IN JOHNNY'S EARS.
THAT IS RIGHT, REDBURN! WE HAVE . . . DESTROYED OURSELVES IN THAT ACCURSED . . . SMOKE! NOW WE . . . ALSO MUST . . . DIE!
BUT YOU SHALL . . . COME WITH US . . . INTO THE FIORD OF DEATH!
A RUSSIAN BOMBER . . . BLAZING FROM NOSE - TO - TAIL! I'M FINISHED!
NEXT WEEK:
NO WAY OUT!


SECURITY CLASSIFICATION ALPHA. SECURITY CLEARANCE 291/1/A. STORM FORCE STATUS: WHILE INVESTIGATING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A NUMBER OF SHIPS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, THE TEAM IS CAPTURED BY HORRIFYING FISH-MEN. THEY ARE TAKEN TO A SECRET UNDER-WATER CITY AND THEN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE... WITH TERRIBLE RESULTS.
HAAAR-HAAAAR! DIE, STORM FORCE!
HUGO GALLEY'S SHOT A HOLE IN THE GLASS WALL... THE SEA'S FLOODING IN!
EAGLE
AUTHOR J. NICHOLAS ARTIST VANYO
DROWN, HUMAN FOOLS... DROWN!
NEEEHHHHHH!
GAAAGGGGHHH!
STORM FORCE ARE IN DEEP TROUBLE! THE FISH-MEN CAN BREATHE THROUGH THEIR GILLS WHILE WE'LL RUN OUT OF OXYGEN WITHIN MINUTES!
THEY ARE AT OUR MERCY!
KILL! KILL! KILL!
SITUATION CRITICAL!

STORM FORCE

MY AIR'S ALMOST GONE... ALMOST GONE...
VICTORY! STORM AND HIS USELESS FOLLOWERS ARE BEATEN!

EAGLE INFORMATION NOTE 66/E: AS COMBAT LEADER PASSES OUT, HIS MIND DISSOLVES INTO A NIGHTMARE DOMINATED BY THE FISH-MEN.
HEE-HEEE! COME ON DOWN... AND JOIN YOUR DEAD FRIENDS!
OH, NOOOOOO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!
DON'T LET THEM ALL BE DEAAAAD!
SNAP OUT OF IT, STORM! YOUR TEAM ARE ALIVE AND KICKING!
THE FISH-MEN DRAGGED US BACK INSIDE THE CITY IN THE NICK OF TIME... I GUESS THEY'VE GOT A WORSE FATE THAN DROWNING PLANNED FOR US.
CORRECT, MISTER GRIFFIN! THE EIGHT OF YOU SHALL SUFFER A SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH!
IT'S HUGO GALLEY... DERANGED LEADER OF THE FISH-MEN!
FIRST WITNESS THE DESTRUCTION OF SOME OF YOUR FOOLISH COUNTRY-MEN!
A ROYAL NAVY DESTROYER!
ALL UNDERWATER TORPEDO LAUNCHERS ACTIVATED! WITHIN MOMENTS THE DESTROYER WILL JOIN THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SHIPS WHO HAVE DARED TO ENTER THE TERRITORY OF THE FISH-MEN!
SAVE THE SHIP, COMBAT LEADER!
BUT HOW? WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE WITH NO WEAPONS!
I STILL HAVE MY EXO-SKELETON!

IT'S NO GOOD! THE DOOR MUST BE MADE OF SOME NEW, ULTRA-STRONG METAL!
IT WILL EASILY SMASH US A WAY OUT OF HERE... AAAGGGHHH!
IT'S MELTING THE DOOR ALREADY!
STAND BACK! THE FISH-MEN DID NOT SEARCH MY WHEELCHAIR! IT CONTAINS A WHITE-HEAT LASER!
TIME LAPSE: FORTY-ONE SECONDS. ESCAPE EXIT COMPLETE.
THE PRISONERS ARE FREE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM, BOSS...
...WE CAN HANDLE THESE SCALY FREAKS!
STILETTO AND ARNIE, COME WITH ME... WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE TORPEDOES FROM BEING FIRED!
GUULLLGGHH!
EMERGENCY ALERT! THREE OF THE HUMANS ENTERING TUNNEL ECHO THREE!
CALM YOURSELF! THEY SHALL NEVER LEAVE IT ALIVE...
...THE SHARK-MEN WILL SEE TO THAT!
DEATH TO STORM FORCE!
NEXT: JAWS ON LEGS!

CONTINUED FROM CENTRE SPREAD...
AT LONDON SPACE-PORT CONTROL, FAR BELOW...
CONTROL TO DELTA FOUR... WE'VE GOT YOU ON SAT-VISUAL NOW, MARSHAL! ANY DAMAGE?
THE MASTER COMPUTER'S U.S.! WE'RE OUT OF FUEL, TOO! SO I'LL NEED CO-ORDINATES FOR A GLIDE APPROACH LANDING!
AS THE COORDINATES WERE FED INTO THE NAVIGATION COMPUTER—
WE'D BETTER GET THE TREEN BACK TO SICK-BAY, AND TIE HIM DOWN!
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A WEIRD CASE OF SHUTTLE-MANIA!
I SENSE THAT SHUTTLE-MANIA IS NOT THE SOURCE OF TREMLOC'S BEHAVIOUR!
AGREED! IT'S AS IF HE'S BEEN... BRAIN-WASHED!
DARE DIDN'T REALISE HOW CLOSE HE HAD COME TO THE INCREDIBLE TRUTH...
NOSE PROBE STILL IN CONTACT WITH THE OPTIC NERVE... BUT THE RECEPTOR SCREEN IS BLANK!
SENSORS INDICATE THAT TREMLOC HAS LOST CONSCIOUSNESS AGAIN!
THE AMAZING MICRO-SHIP, WHICH HAD BEEN 'INJECTED' INTO TREMLOC'S BODY, CONTAINED THE MEKON AND A BATTALION OF HIS TREENS...
YET JUST NOW WE SAW DARE—THROUGH TREMLOC'S EYES—FOR JUST AN INSTANT!
AT LEAST WE KNOW THAT WE ARE ABOARD AN EARTH-BOUND SHUTTLE, MASTER!
YES—WE HAVE USED THE MUTANT'S BODY TO CARRY US SAFELY THROUGH THE HUMANOIDS' DEFENCES!
WHAT A STUNNING SURPRISE FOR THE EARTHLINGS WHEN WE APPEAR IN THEIR MIDST!
A WORD OF WARNING, GREAT ONE! IN JUST ONE EARTH HOUR, WE SHALL START TO RETURN TO NORMAL SIZE!
IF TREMLOC IS STILL IN THE SPACE-PORT, WE SHALL EXPLODE FROM WITHIN HIS BODY!
NEXT WEEK: THE SECRET VOICES!

VISIONARIES

Knights of the Magical Light ™

AS **PRYSMOS** AND THE THREE SUNS ALIGN, A MIGHTY CHANGE IN THE BALANCE OF **POWER** WILL SOON HAPPEN

THE AGE OF SCIENCE IS OVER!... BEHOLD THE DAWN OF THE NEW AGE OF MAGIC!

FROM THE ASHES OF DESTRUCTION RISE TWO MAIN POWERS... LED BY HEROIC **LEORIC** AND THE EVIL **DARKSTORM.**

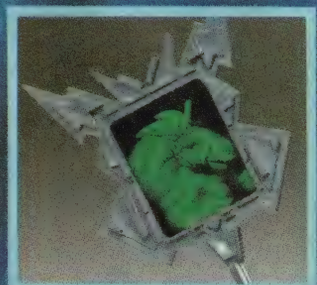
GREAT **MAGIC** AND **POWER** AWAITS YOU IN MY HIDDEN CHAMBER.

WITHIN THE MAGIC CHAMBER A STRANGE STORM GIVES OUR HEROES MAGICAL HOLOGRAPHIC POWER!

WE CAN REBUILD OUR **WORLD**...

...OR **DESTROY IT.**

ALL VISIONARIES COME WITH **REAL HOLOGRAM EMBLEMS!**



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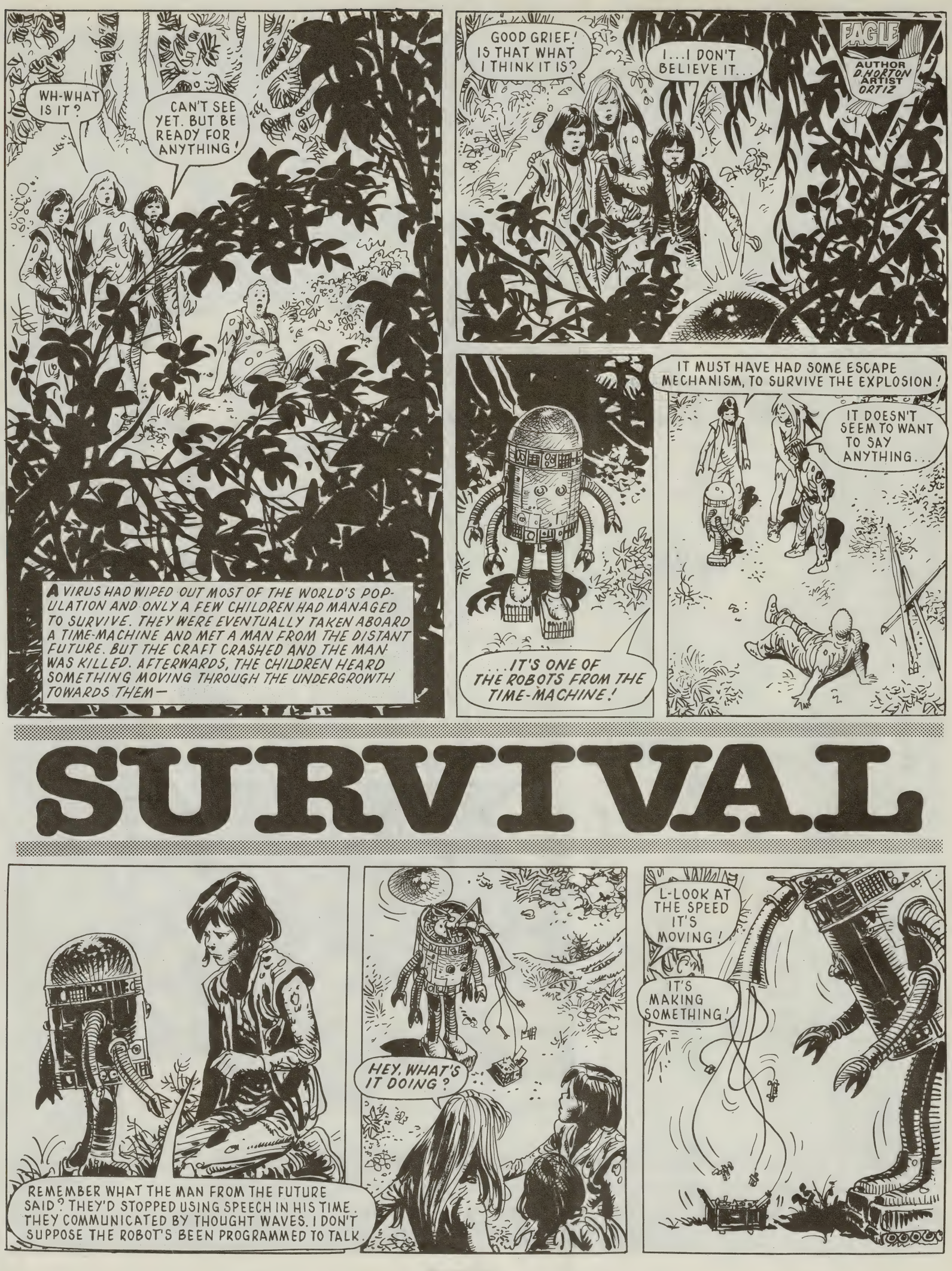
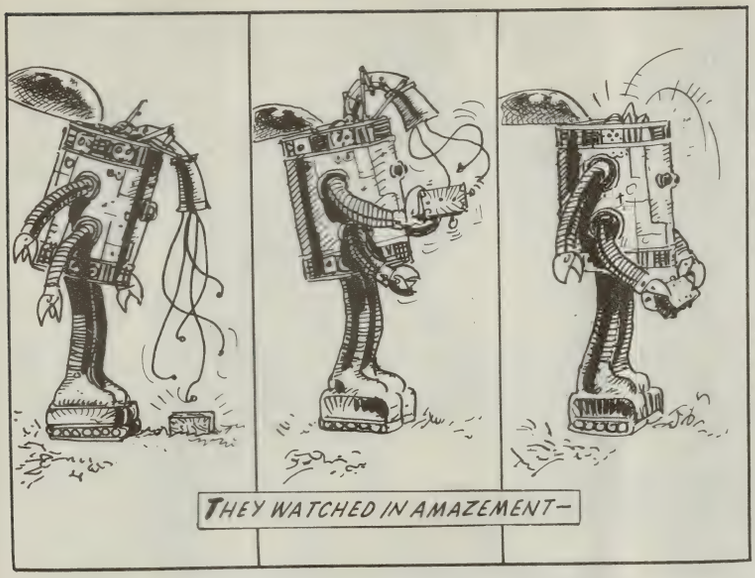

WH-WHAT IS IT?
CAN'T SEE YET. BUT BE READY FOR ANYTHING!
A VIRUS HAD WIPED OUT MOST OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION AND ONLY A FEW CHILDREN HAD MANAGED TO SURVIVE. THEY WERE EVENTUALLY TAKEN ABOARD A TIME-MACHINE AND MET A MAN FROM THE DISTANT FUTURE. BUT THE CRAFT CRASHED AND THE MAN WAS KILLED. AFTERWARDS, THE CHILDREN HEARD SOMETHING MOVING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH TOWARDS THEM—
GOOD GRIEF! IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
I...I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
EAGLE
AUTHOR D.HORTON ARTIST ORTIZ
....IT'S ONE OF THE ROBOTS FROM THE TIME-MACHINE!
IT MUST HAVE HAD SOME ESCAPE MECHANISM, TO SURVIVE THE EXPLOSION!
IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT TO SAY ANYTHING...
SURVIVAL
REMEMBER WHAT THE MAN FROM THE FUTURE SAID? THEY'D STOPPED USING SPEECH IN HIS TIME. THEY COMMUNICATED BY THOUGHT WAVES. I DON'T SUPPOSE THE ROBOT'S BEEN PROGRAMMED TO TALK.
HEY, WHAT'S IT DOING?
L-LOOK AT THE SPEED IT'S MOVING!
IT'S MAKING SOMETHING!


THEY WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT—

IT'S CLAMPED THE BOX TO ITS SIDE. WHY? WHAT IS IT?
I HAVE CONSTRUCTED CIRCUITRY TO ALLOW ME TO SPEAK. CAN YOU UNDERSTAND?

WE...WE SURE CAN!
EXCELLENT. I HAVE BEEN ENGINEERED TO ALWAYS AID HUMANS. YOU APPEAR TO BE ONLY HUMANS AROUND, SO I WILL SERVE YOU. YOU MAY CALL ME GAR... GENERAL ASSISTANCE ROBOT.

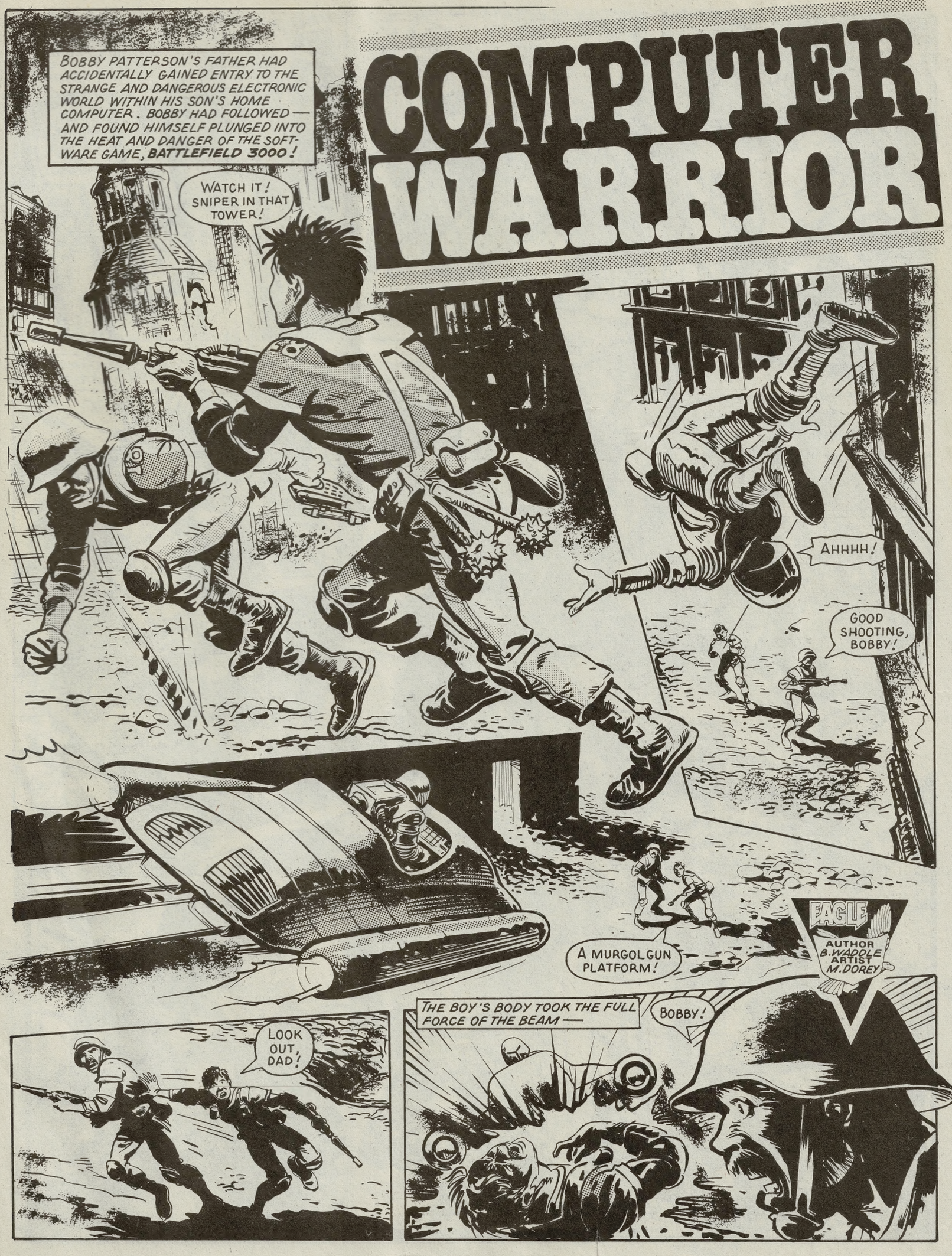
TELL US ABOUT THE FUTURE! WHAT HAPPENS TO EARTH? DOES THE POPULATION INCREASE AGAIN? ARE THERE MORE SURVIVORS?
INFORMATION RESTRICTED. MY ORIGINAL PROGRAMME STRICTLY FORBIDS TIME-TRAVELLERS TO REVEAL INFORMATION SUCH AS YOU ASK. BUT I AM ABLE TO MAKE USE OF MY KNOWLEDGE PROVIDED BY FUTURE GENERATIONS.

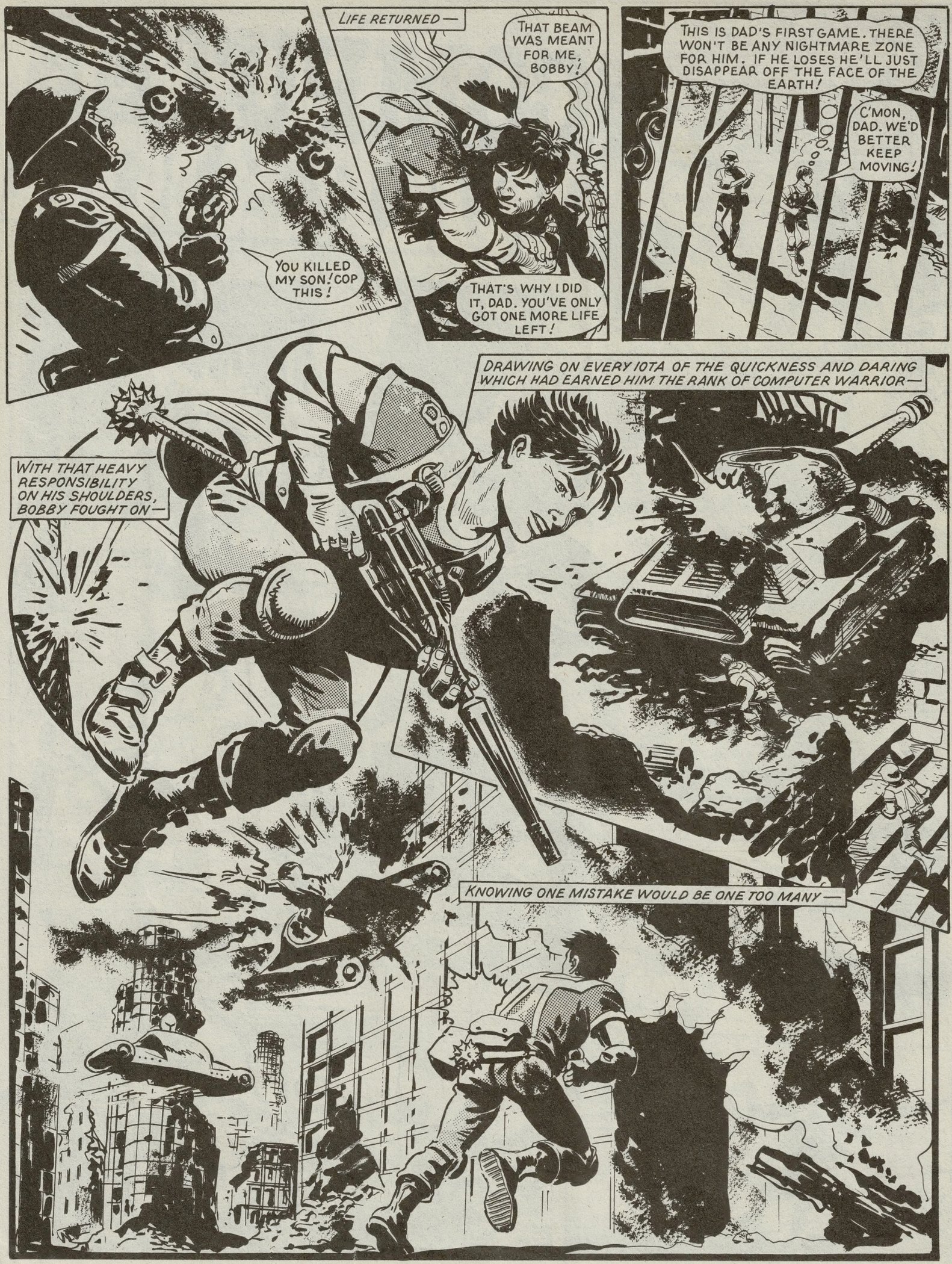
THEN MAYBE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT GUS. WE THINK HE'S BROKEN HIS LEG.
I WILL INVESTIGATE.

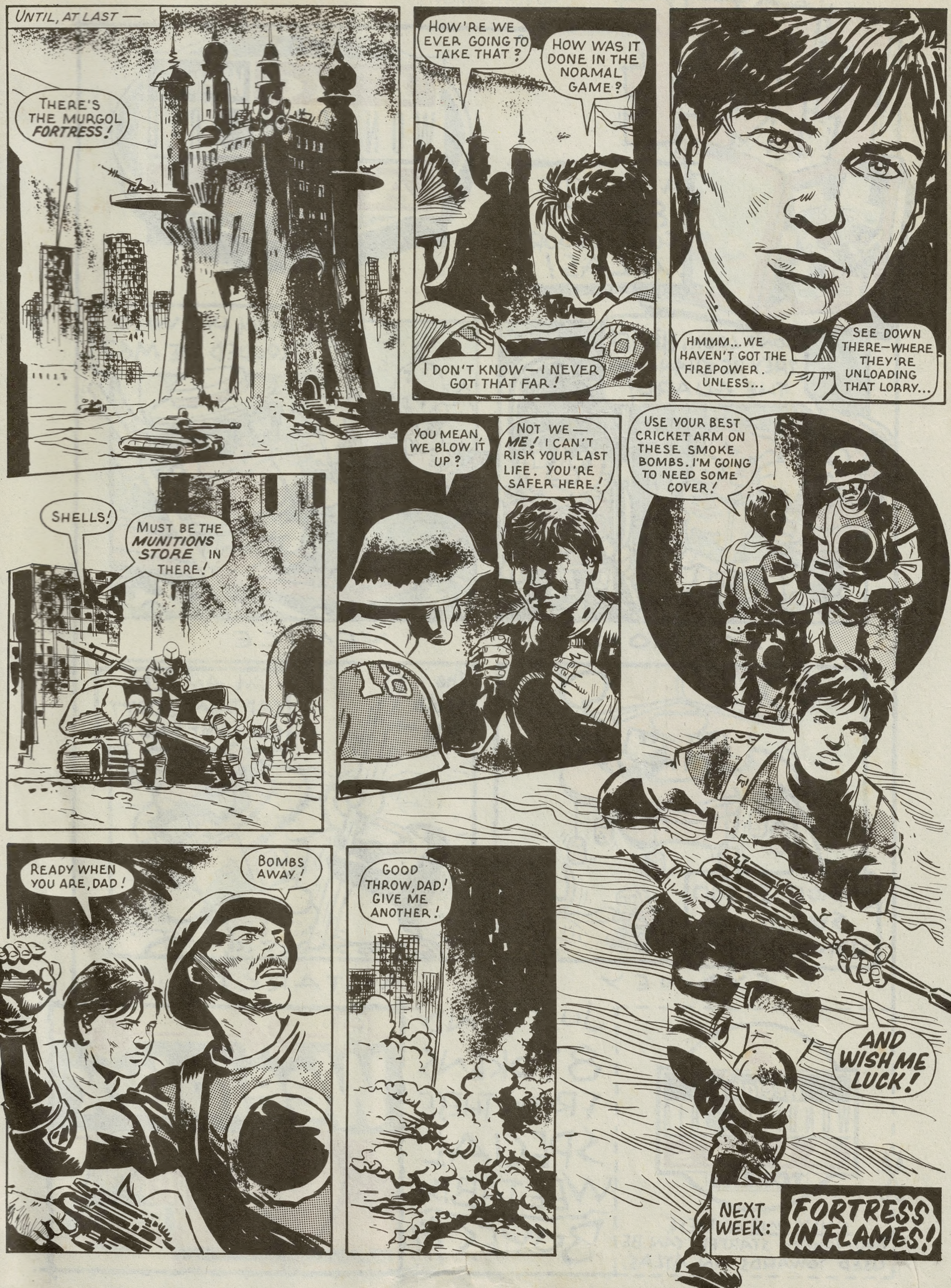
YOUR DIAGNOSIS IS CORRECT. HE HAS A COMPOUND FRACTURE.

I SHALL REPAIR IT.
H-HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? TH-THAT FEELS A BIT HOT!
IT IS A NOT UN-PLEASANT SIDE-EFFECT. THE JOIN IS COMPLETE. YOU MAY GET UP NOW.
TH-THE ROBOT'S RIGHT. MY LEG'S OKAY. I CAN WALK ON IT!
OF COURSE. I AM ONE HUNDRED PER CENT EFFICIENT!
HOW ABOUT A DANCE TO CELEBRATE?
HE COULDN'T DANCE AT ALL, BEFORE HE BROKE HIS LEG!
THANKS, GAR. YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
I HAVE NO EMOTIONS. PRAISE IS NOT REQUIRED.
WITH GUS ALL RIGHT AGAIN, THEY DECIDED TO EXPLORE—
WE HAVEN'T BEEN IN THIS AREA BEFORE. WHO KNOWS WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND?
I SHALL LEAD THE WAY. I HAVE A DEFENSIVE REQUIREMENT IF NECESSARY.
JUST HALF A MILE AWAY, SOMETHING WAS STIRRING WHICH WOULD TEST THE ROBOT'S DEFENCES —
—TEST THEM TO THE FULL!
NEXT WEEK— TINY TERROR!

COMPUTER WARRIOR


BOBBY PATTERSON'S FATHER HAD ACCIDENTALLY GAINED ENTRY TO THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS ELECTRONIC WORLD WITHIN HIS SON'S HOME COMPUTER. BOBBY HAD FOLLOWED — AND FOUND HIMSELF PLUNGED INTO THE HEAT AND DANGER OF THE SOFTWARE GAME, BATTLEFIELD 3000!
WATCH IT! SNIPER IN THAT TOWER!
AHHHH!
GOOD SHOOTING, BOBBY!
A MURGOL GUN PLATFORM!
EAGLE
AUTHOR B.WADDLE
ARTIST M.DOREY
LOOK OUT, DAD!
THE BOY'S BODY TOOK THE FULL FORCE OF THE BEAM —
BOBBY!


YOU KILLED MY SON! COP THIS!
LIFE RETURNED—
THAT BEAM WAS MEANT FOR ME, BOBBY!
THAT'S WHY I DID IT, DAD. YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE MORE LIFE LEFT!
THIS IS DAD'S FIRST GAME. THERE WON'T BE ANY NIGHTMARE ZONE FOR HIM. IF HE LOSES HE'LL JUST DISAPPEAR OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
C'MON, DAD. WE'D BETTER KEEP MOVING!
DRAWING ON EVERY IOTA OF THE QUICKNESS AND DARING WHICH HAD EARNED HIM THE RANK OF COMPUTER WARRIOR—
WITH THAT HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY ON HIS SHOULDERS, BOBBY FOUGHT ON—
KNOWING ONE MISTAKE WOULD BE ONE TOO MANY—


UNTIL, AT LAST —
THERE'S THE MURGOL FORTRESS!
HOW'RE WE EVER GOING TO TAKE THAT?
HOW WAS IT DONE IN THE NORMAL GAME?
I DON'T KNOW—I NEVER GOT THAT FAR!
HMMM... WE HAVEN'T GOT THE FIREPOWER. UNLESS...
SEE DOWN THERE—WHERE THEY'RE UNLOADING THAT LORRY...
SHELLS!
MUST BE THE MUNITIONS STORE IN THERE!
YOU MEAN, WE BLOW IT UP?
NOT WE—ME! I CAN'T RISK YOUR LAST LIFE. YOU'RE SAFER HERE!
USE YOUR BEST CRICKET ARM ON THESE SMOKE BOMBS. I'M GOING TO NEED SOME COVER!
READY WHEN YOU ARE, DAD!
BOMBS AWAY!
GOOD THROW, DAD! GIVE ME ANOTHER!
AND WISH ME LUCK!
NEXT WEEK: FORTRESS IN FLAMES!

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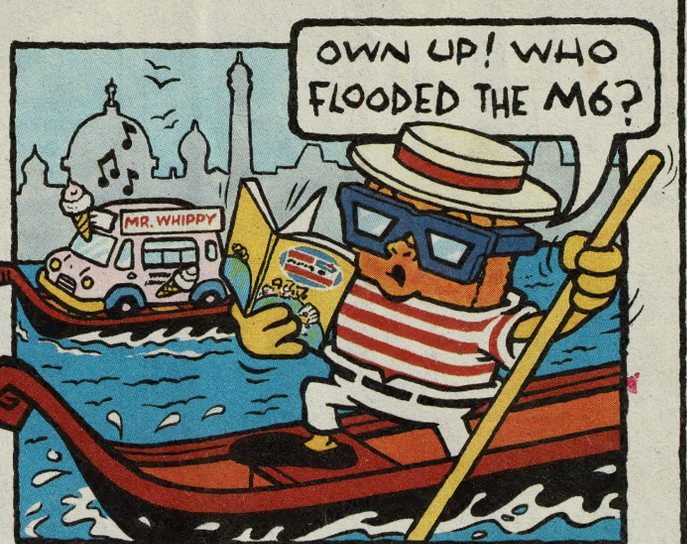
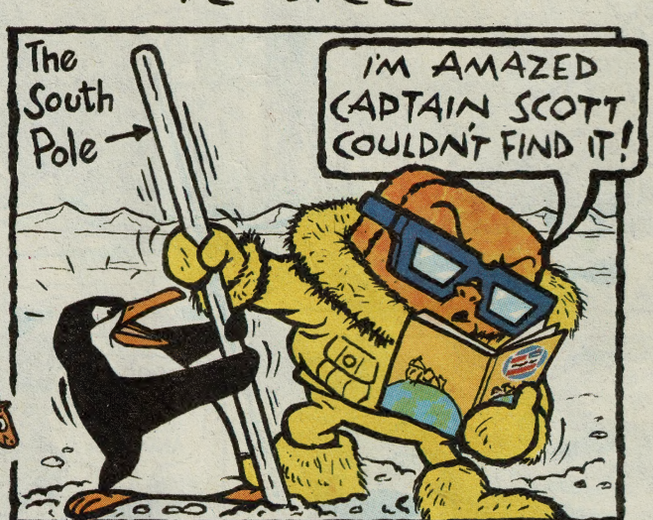


VENICE

SYDNEY



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